NOTES FROM LONDON.

RECENT DEATHS AMONG ENGLISHMEN.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]
LONDON, March 30.

I asked a shrewd lawyer, who had practised much in the court in which Sir George Jessel presided, what was the secret of that great Judge's rapidity in the dispatch of business. "Well," said he, "there were more secrets than one, but I will tell you one which you will not see mentioned in the papers. Sir George Jessel had a great practice before he went on the bench, and he never forgot what he then learned about the practical business of his profession. He knew the reputation and customs of every solicitor, and when a counsel rose in court to open a case the first thing the Master of the Rolls did was to look at the papers and see who 'briefed' him. If the testimony was litigious he knew it at once, and over and over again I have heard him say, 'Mr. So-and-so, this is really a question of costs, is it not?' If Mr. So-and-so knew the ways of the court, he would answer frankly that it was, and be told for his pains that the the time of the court was not to be wasted in squabbles of that sort, and he had better sit down."

This, significant as it is, tells of course but a small part of the whole truth. Sir George Jessel, by the general consent of the Bar of England, was the first judge of his age. You cannot mention a single name among the many very eminent ones of this judicial generation which any competent lawyer will consent to rank by the side of the late Master of the Rolls. He had a mastery of principles. His learning was immense, but it never burdened his mind. Nobody knew so many cases, and nobody overruled so many. There was no branch or department of the law, unless perhaps the criminal law, which was unfamiliar to him. He knew commercial law as Mr. Benjamin or Lord Justice Bramwell knows it; the law of land as Lord Cairns knows it; the law of ancient times as Sir Henry Maine knows it. Jurisprudence was to him a science, and a science which he had mastered. He had a mind which was both penetrating and broad. It was his habit at the end of the most elaborate argument to deliver his decision at once. He did it even in the Epping Forest case, which lasted twenty-two days, and though his decisions were sometimes overruled, neither his own confidence in their soundness nor the confidence of the bar or of suitors was ever shaken.

It was said of Sir George Jessel that he might be at fault in his law, but never in his facts. He saw his way by what seemed like intuition to the heart of a case—to the point on which it turned, to the fact and the principle by which it must ultimately be decided. The rest he brushed aside—often enough brushing aside the counsel also. They said he was rough in manner, which is true enough, but he was never rough to the young barrister doing his best. It was the experienced counsel with a bad case, and laboring a point he knew to be weak, who found out how heavy was Sir George Jessel's hand.

In society he was only half popular. His manner was brusque, and he had not much suavity of demeanor or much polish. He was not over middle size, heavily built, carelessly dressed, dark, with a massive face of high color, and eyes that looked you through—burnt a hole in you with their deep steady flame. Despotic in temper, overbearing, intolerant of opposition anywhere, said those who, for whatever reason, did not like him. Perhaps so. You cannot have your hero made to order. But he was a man who by force of intellect and will—by integrity and by conduct as well—made his way from nothing to the very top of the profession where ability and force of character and resolution and vast physical strength are more abundant than in any other.

One death brings on another, unhappily, and sometimes with a perverse cruelty which makes one feel like protesting against fate. Among those present at Sir George Jessel's funeral—where the Bench and Bar of England gathered in respectful and regretful homage—was Mr. Nathaniel Montefiore. The day was such as Nature has in this country of late most frequently bestowed on us, raw, bitter, the wind in the northeast, and poison in the air. Mr. Montefiore brought away from the cemetery the seeds of death. He was attacked with acute bronchitis, and in three days the end came. Some of you must remember and regret that young Leonard Montefiore who died in Newport, R. I., with more promise in him of a high future than perhaps any man of his age and race. This was his father; and he was nephew to the venerable Sir Moses Montefiore, whose name is honorably known the world over. His mother was a Rothschild, sister to the late Baron Mayer de Rothschild; his wife, sister to the late Sir Francis Goldsmid—another honored name which she honorably and worthily bears. Never, I may say, was there a man who less liked notoriety, or more sedulously shrank from the fame he might easily have achieved, than Nathaniel Montefiore. Among his own people he was, of course, known. No man of that ancient and patrician Hebrew lineage could be unknown among the Jews. They knew him as one of singular kindness, a most sincere and gentle nature, taking much thought for others and little for himself, delighting in the most ample and splendid charity, and delighting hardly less in the concealment of it from the world. He used his vast wealth munificently, and was not less liberal of his time and of personal endeavor and sympathy in behalf of those who had a claim on him, and of those who had none. A man of whom it is difficult to speak rightly within the hard limits which publicity imposes; but of whom no word can be written without an expression of deep esteem and affection.

Many Americans will hear with regret of the death of Mr. Edward F. Flower, of London, and of Stratford-on-Avon. As Mayor of Shakespeare's town, he took the liveliest pleasure in welcoming Americans to the town and to his house. The least introduction was sufficient if you hailed from beyond the Atlantic, and no trouble was too great for him to take in his guests' behalf. Here in London he was best known for his unceasing efforts to prevent cruelty to horses, and especially to abolish bearing reins. He wrote pamphlets and letters to the papers, and preached to every acquaintance on this topic. Nobody could say that with him it was an impractical sentiment, or that he did not thoroughly understand his subject. Nobody had ridden or driven or lived more with horses than Mr. Flower. You had only to see him in the saddle to see that he was at home and that he and his horse were on easy terms with each other. When he entered upon his crusade in favor of the the barbarously used carriage horses of London, the use of the gag bearing rein was all but universal. So careless are men and women in their dealings with other animals that few seemed to be aware of the cruelty involved in the practice. When Mr. Flower denounced it there were plenty of people to say he talked nonsense. Coachmen, often above all others the most ignorant and bigoted of men, scoffed and sneered. The dignitary on the box solemnly assured his master that horses could not be driven in London without bearing reins. If the man who said so meant that *he* could not drive without their help, he was probably right. But masters sometimes know more than coachmen and grooms, and they began to look into the matter for themselves. Within a twelvemonth Mr. Flower had made numerous converts. A year later a considerable proportion of the carriages you saw in the Park and the streets of the West End were drawn by horses without the bearing rein. People began to think horses might look "smart" without being kept in torture. Where the bearing rein was not dispensed with it was often modified. Mr. Flower was not disposed to tolerate it in any shape, but others, the Duke of Westminster for one, who was a great ally of Mr. Flower, considered that if put on loosely and not kept on long, the horse did not suffer. The newspapers helped in the reform, and it has now gone so far that it may be hoped Mr. Flower's death will not imperil what has been gained.

A man died yesterday to whom one of the leading morning papers of London devotes two columns of its valuable space—twice as much as sufficed for Anthony Trollope, or John Richard Green, or even for Prince Gortschakoff. Who was he? Poet, painter, writer, soldier,—a Duke, perhaps, or Prince? None of these. He was John Brown, the chief domestic servant of the Queen, her "personal attendant," as the phrase goes. He has long been known throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom. Wherever out of doors (and a good deal indoors) Her Majesty was to be seen, there was to be seen John Brown. He was, I believe, a very excellent and capable servant. The Queen has declared her esteem for him in words of great emphasis:

> An honest, faithful and devoted follower, a trustworthy, discreet and straightforward man, and possessed of strong sense, he filled a position of great and anxious responsibility, the duties of which he performed with such constant and unceasing care as to secure for himself the real friendship of the Queen.

One radical journal, with a touch of malice, remarks that to find a similar expression of royal sorrow we must go back nearly two years to *The Court Circular* of April 19, 1881, where may be read this paragraph:

> The Queen received this morning, with feelings of the deepest sorrow, the sad intelligence of the death of the Earl of Beaconsfield, in whom Her Majesty loses a most valued and devoted friend and counsellor, and the nation one of its most distinguished statesmen.

Each tribute in its way is creditable to the Queen, and each shows in strong light the woman—more strongly than the sovereign. Nothing more curiously marked the exceptional character of Brown's position than the title "Mr." accorded to him in his lifetime as now in the court record of his death. He was first a gillie, then a footman, then personal servant, and it is not usual in this country to address persons in that rank of life with quite so much ceremony. Many worthy people were puzzled to know why a man who rode in the dickey and held an umbrella, and stood behind the Queen's chair at dinner and passed the plates, should be thus distinguished. It is enough to answer that the Queen so willed it. To others than the Queen John Brown was not always a very acceptable personage—gave himself airs, said many. In these days it is enough for a man to die to be at once endowed with every virtue and charm, and no English voice is raised to mar the beautiful harmony of the panegyrics upon a man whom the Queen liked. But while he lived it was possible to hear queer stories. There was one of his holding out his hand to Lord Beaconsfield on the railway platform at Hughenden, when Her Majesty paid a visit to her beloved Minister. Lord Beaconsfield, they say, did not seem to notice the proffered greeting. This little anecdote rests on the reputed authority of a lady who was present.

Here is another, which I know to be true. A servants' ball was given some years since at Balmoral, guests and members of the Royal Household, as the custom is on such occasions, taking part. Among the dances was some sort of competitive Highland reel wherein the object of each performer is to dance down all the rest; to which end it is permitted to any one to disconcert and even totally upset a rival by an adroit twist of the hip, the elbow perhaps assisting. Now John Brown was a proficient in this sport, and it was his wont to carry off the palm and outlast all adversaries; to the great contentment of the Queen, who looked on. But there chanced upon this occasion to be present a certain gentleman skilful at this dancing business, and cunning withal. He, watching his chance when all but himself and the faithful John Brown had quitted or been driven from the floor, by a sudden but quite lawful stratagem overthrew the Queen's favorite, who fell at her feet, and so was baulked of the distinction of victory on which he and his sovereign alike had set their hearts. The victor paid dearly for his triumph. Before this little incident he had been high in the favor of his royal mistress; used to be sent for of an evening to the royal apartment, where talk and music were to be had, and enjoyed the marks of the Queen's esteem. But after he had thus presumed to vanquish Her Majesty's chosen personal attendant, this unhappy gentleman languished in the outer courts of the palace, and not for more than two years afterward was he fully restored to favor. Other stories of a not less illustrative character I might also tell, but perhaps this is as much as you are likely to care for about the worthy Brown. Left a snug sum of money behind him, say those likely to know, and there are tradespeople "by special appointment to Her Majesty" who will regret the disappearance of Her Majesty's specially appointed servant.

G. W. S.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S NOTES.

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL GOSSIP.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]
LONDON, March 31.

Lady Florence Dixie, of whose alleged outrage I wrote last week, has been the most discussed of all possible ladies. Since I wrote the account of her family, her belongings and their eccentricities have been very freely discussed. The general opinion here is undoubtedly against the reality of the alleged attack. There is no doubt that poor John Brown, late the Queen's personal attendant, was the first to cast doubt upon the genuineness of the story, which on the face of it had a cock-and-bull air. John Brown was the only person permitted, since the death of Lord Beaconsfield, to speak frankly to "Hair Mahjesty," as he called her. Perhaps an exception may be made in the case of Lord Alfred Paget, whom one is always expecting to hear calling the Queen "My dear," as he does everybody else, but Lord Alfred is a privileged character everywhere, allowed to carry on like nobody else; and moreover he is generally afloat in his yacht. As for John Brown, if the Queen had been unhappily insane and required a keeper, he could hardly have been more constantly with her. And it was John Brown who, upon occasion, was man enough to prevent even the Heir Apparent from having access to the Sovereign.

The incident occurred at Balmoral, and the Prince of Wales was greatly enraged when he was faced by the Queen's late good and faithful servant and refused entrance to her apartments. But all the reply that the solid old Scot vouchsafed was that he was obeying "Hair Mahjesty's" orders, whereupon the Prince, feeling with his usual tact that his mother's servant was only doing his duty, gave way and went away, like a good-natured prince as he is. John Brown was, in fidelity and absolute literal obedience, the very ideal of what a servant should be. Many people, and with some justice, hate old servants, especially if they happen to be Scotch, for no human being is so dour, troublesome and tyrannical as an old Scotch servant. But then nobody is so thoroughly faithful. An impecunious friend tells me that his only buckler against creditors is an old Scotch servant who "whammles the gowks," as he puts it, out of the house, and never knows where his master is or whether he is alive or dead.

Poor old John Brown was unquestionably killed by a severe cold caught while looking over the scene of Lady Florence Dixie's alleged adventure. He at once hit the blot that a struggle on soft ground must leave marks. There were none, but the cold to which he was exposed on a bitter day killed him. Already the ribald jesters of the clubs are making doggerel rhymes about the alleged outrage and the death of the Queen's faithful servant in this style:

> "Who killed John Brown?"
> "I," said Lady Flory,
> "With my cock and bull story,
> I killed John Brown."

The Queen, who has been suffering from a sprain, is terribly shocked and grieved by his sudden illness and death, and people are speculating on the reception she will give Lady Florence the next time she sees her. "Beau" Dixie is almost as eccentric as his wife. Everybody now recollects that in their wild days at Newmarket they betted and drank in such wild fashion that they earned the title of "Sir Always and Lady Sometimes."

The extraordinary vitality of Mr. Gladstone gives, I think, very slight hope to those anxious to see him translated to the Lords, or indeed "anywhere, anywhere, out of the" Lower House. Yet the cry is raised every month that he is soon to be made a peer. It is even stated that he would have liked to be made Earl of Liverpool, but that this could not be granted on account of the title having been so recently held by the Jenkinsons, the third earl of that family having died in 1851. Mr. Gladstone is far too keen a tactician to be likely to abandon the leadership of the Commons for a retreat among the dignified dulness of the Lords, whom he has also made his natural enemies by his repeated attacks upon the landed interest. The Lords know, only too well, that the abolition of the law of primogeniture and the custom of strict settlement commonly called "entail," and the probable addition of a tenant-right in England and Scotland to that of Ireland, will reduce their power to a phantom. And that these results will follow an extension of the county franchise there can be no manner of doubt.

Thus Mr. Gladstone would hardly find himself at home if he were to "kick himself up into the Lords." It is quite true that his great power could be easily spared in the Commons, for the Liberals are there in overwhelming strength not only in numbers but in debating power. The Tories have not a very strong or well leader in Sir Stafford Northcote, and the "Fourth Party," as Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, Mr. Gorst and Sir Henry Wolff are called, are more conspicuous and ridiculous than effective. The story of Mr. Gladstone's retirement is not believed by the Conservatives, who have not forgotten Lord Beaconsfield's furious remark after he had taken his peerage, and Mr. Gladstone had resumed the leadership of the Liberals: "If I had known he had been at his games, he would not have got me out of the House of Commons."

Since his return from Cannes, Mr. Gladstone has been in high spirits, has dined out a great deal, talked incessantly, and played at whist as atrociously as ever. All great men play games badly. Perhaps they are never enough *in* their game of chess or cards, being distracted by superior considerations. Yet it does not seem so. Mr. Gladstone is as eager at his game as an ancient spinster. When the table wobbled I have seen him jump up, secure a book or pamphlet, look first at the title, and then put it under the short table-leg to make all steady. But he is an awful player, nearly as bad as Mr. Forster, the late Irish Secretary, who is the terror of the card-room at the Reform Club. Mr. Forster is one of the best-natured men in the world, and it seems hard that he should not be allowed to take his turn at whist like anybody else. But then he does not play like anybody else, and is avoided like a pestilence. He does not mind paying for his fun, and loses a fearful number of half-crown points in the course of the season. But he loves the game as Talleyrand loved it. Talleyrand was an atrocious player, but paid the large sums he lost at the Travellers' Club with unfailing cheerfulness. When his partners lost all patience and made cutting remarks, he only smiled, paid up, and went on playing, as Werther's Charlotte, "like a well-conducted person, went on cutting bread-and-butter." Why, it may be asked, did not Pio Nono play billiards well? He had plenty of practice. And again, how odd that two great generals, Napoleon and Frederick the Great, should have played abominably at chess!

Mr. Gladstone has no time for club card-playing, but delights in it after dinner. Part of the Gladstone social method is clever and agreeable. He always talks to the new man, the person he has not met, who is to him like a fresh, uncut volume. Slash go the Gladstonian questions, like one of the great paper-knives now in vogue. He questions and cross-questions his man on his strong point, displaying astounding eagerness for information.

What is most curious in Mr. Gladstone is the mutability of the man, intensely human and therefore lovable. Wellington College has long appeared to the majority of reasoning men a monstrous perversion of the original object of the endowment. It was instituted for the education of the sons of poor military officers. The lowest rate that any boy can be admitted for is about $200 a year, and the general average is $400, the real expense being much greater, as the "extra boys" who pay $600 or more and thus contribute materially, as Mr. Gladstone holds, to the keeping up of the establishment, set an example of luxury and extravagance which acts very perniciously on lads who may have to live on their army pay with very slight assistance from their parents. Mr. Gladstone is a stanch upholder of this extravagant and improper administration of a trust fund intended for "poor" boys.

Yet it was only a little while ago that I heard him, over a dinner table, inveighing against the extravagant expenditure of Eton boys, who, except a very few, are not poor at all. There can be no possible objection to rich people sending their boys to an expensive school at a cost of two hundred pounds, not dollars, per head, if they choose to do so. If a man can afford from twenty-five hundred to three thousand pounds to send his son to Eton first and Oxford afterward, the money is well invested. Often this education costs a great deal more. Supplementary "tuck," as food is called in public schools, is a large item of expenditure, and pocket-money runs into a serious sum. A young friend of mine who left Eton the other day—a fine, handsome, manly fellow, brave, true and generous—had had his finer instincts developed by his excellent father, who when he went first to Eton opened a banking account for him and gave him a check-book, without that frequent and bitter accompaniment of paternal dollars, advice. The lad told me with great glee that, when he gave one of his creditors a check before leaving, the ancient dame made off post-haste to the bank to make sure of her money before the account was cleaned out. This lad was not, by many, the only Eton boy who had and has a banking account.

Mr. Gladstone is shocked at such things, protested that all the pocket money he ever had at one time was three or four pounds, and that boys were now pampered and over-fed to a preposterous extent. He was reminded that standards were higher and work, mental as well as physical, had become more severely competitive. He said that there was something in that, but not so much as was supposed, for according to record Eton boys only rose "six inches more at the high jump" than they did in his youth. The "grand old man" is as strong as a reply as ever!

No little curiosity was excited on Thursday by the opening of a new theatre called, absurdly enough, the Folies Dramatiques, with the farcical comedy of "Ascot," the cast whereof was alleged to be, with one or two exceptions, composed entirely of scions of noble families who had adopted the stage as a profession. This rumor industriously circulated and paragraphed brought a full house on the first night. There is no doubt that the Hon. Roger Molyneux, brother of Lord Sefton, of lavender kid-glove fame, and the Hon. Miss Molesworth, the Rev. Viscount Molesworth's daughter, as well as Florence Marryatt, are among the company of the Folies Dramatiques. However the only "noble scion" who "proved a lion" was Mr. "Gillie" Farquhar, who played exceedingly well and will make, unless I am mistaken, a good actor.

To-night Miss Hilda Hilton, the wife of an officer in the Royal Engineers, will open the Opera Comique with "Bondage," so that there is no longer any doubt that the "hupper suckles," as Jeames called them, are vitally interested in the Drama.

THACKERAY AND DICKENS.

A REMINISCENCE OF DOTHEBOYS HALL.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: I forget whether it was Sala or some other member of the fraternity, but some one told me a little story of Thackeray, which has just occurred to me. One day he was walking along Wych-st., a kind of slum thoroughfare leading to Drury Lane, when he passed a group of dirty little street Arabs. One little female tatterdemalion looked up at him as he passed, and then called out to her younger brother, "Hi, Archie! d'you know who him is? He's Becky Sharp." Thackeray was astounded to find that a little barefooted guttersnipe should know sufficient of his writings even to confound him with one of his heroines. On inquiry he found that the little thing was the child of an actress of some education but insufficient histrionic ability, who had gradually come down to sewing trousers for cheap tailors. She had read one or two numbers of *Vanity Fair*, and on a previous occasion pointed out the author to her daughter. Thackeray found the poor woman in a garret, boiling potatoes for dinner. She had not been able to get the whole of *Vanity Fair*, but only a few odd parts. Thackeray sent her a complete set, and something to give a relish to her dinner of potatoes.

"By Jove!" said Thackeray to a friend, "strange as it may seem, that little incident gave me more pleasure than if I had received a complimentary letter from his Grace, the Duke of Devonshire. When your name gets down into the slums, that means fame; you have touched bottom."

But here an odd memory connected with another great writer comes into my head. A certain friend of mine, one Mr. John Phillips, told me that on one occasion, when he was a boy, he found himself in a room in the Inner Temple in London, whether as guest or what he did not explain, with two young men; one was squeezing lemons to make punch, and the other was smoking a pipe. The one who was making the punch suddenly discovered that he had an insufficient supply of lemons. "What shall we do?" queried the smoker. "Suppose we send out the Kid," replied the other. "The two young men were Charles Dickens and Harrison Ainsworth," said Mr. Phillips, "and I was the Kid." "The Kid" went out and purchased a supply of the needed fruit, but when he came back he was startled to find a monster of hideous mien in the place of the handsome young gentleman he had left there a few minutes before. Dickens had been wiling away the time by making himself a set of false teeth with one lemon peel, and an artificial nose with another. This same Mr. Phillips, who had lived many years in Australia, told me that the original and veritable "Smike" of "Dotheboys Hall" was living and prospering in that country, though generally considered of rather weak mind.

The mention of "Smike" brings to my mind a fact which, by the way, I shall never forget, that I, the writer, was at school at Dotheboys Hall. At least I have always believed so, so close was the resemblance between my school and Dickens's description. And I think I was indebted to "Nicholas Nickleby" for my release, for I can well remember to this day on my return home seeing the green-covered monthly parts of that work lying on the drawing-room table. Dickens located his school in Yorkshire; mine was in Westmoreland, the adjoining county, and only a few miles from the border. I was eight years of age when I was sent down alone by mail coach, consigned to a doctor in the town of Appleby, who was to transfer me to the school. I arrived at night, and put up at the principal inn, and I can remember the landlady, a bright-faced buxom woman, taking me down into the kitchen and giving me a large bowl of milk, with cream on the top, and a huge slice of gingerbread, for my supper. I sat upon a stool and ate it. I have never since partaken of such an exquisite repast; the memory of it haunts me even now.

Arrived at school, which was kept by a Mr. Twycross, my dandy boots were taken away and I was provided with a coarse pair of sabots with wooden soles. I found that all the boys wore these things, which cost one shilling sterling per pair. At this school we were chiefly fed on great dobs of heavy, salt-beef, which smelled bad, and hideous dishes of semi-liquid blood pudding. If we could not eat this revolting stuff at dinner, it was put by for the rebellious stomach's supper, and if not consumed then, it was served up for breakfast next day, and so on till it was eaten. On Saturday night a large tub of scalding water and bran was brought into the school-room, and in this the whole school washed their feet, and often I have heard the smaller boys howling with pain as their feet were forced into the boiling mess by the bigger boys, while the master stood by with his cane to enforce obedience. The only supply of water for the boys came from a large barrel which received the rain-fall from the roof. This often got low and putrid, and yet I have seen the boys hanging into this barrel almost by their toes, head downwards, trying to reach it with their mouths. The rod was always going, and the bowl of pain continuous. Yet they were very particular about their religious exercises, and many a time I have nearly fainted kneeling on a hard form through long prayers, and the singing of the morning or evening hymn.

FRANK BELLEW.

New-York, April 12, 1883.

BRITISH RULE IN INDIA.

A LETTER FROM F. MARION CRAWFORD.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT ARRAIGNED FOR IMPOVERISHING THE NATION AND OPPRESSING THE PEOPLE OF INDIA—SOME INSTANCES OF INJUSTICE.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: I was recently permitted by your courtesy to publish certain statements with regard to the British rule in the far East, which appears to have met with no open denial. Will you allow me briefly to present my reasons for condemning a Government which professes to have bestowed upon its subjects blessings hitherto untasted by other races?

It would be a most unjust thing to say that Englishmen have done no good in India. The true question is, whether they have done more good than harm—whether the occasional efforts of honest individuals, the transitory sympathy of one or two or three Ministers, during their terms of office, and the poetic optimism of a few writers in the public press, are benefits of a nature to outbalance the avarice of the late honorable East India Company, or the martial and expensive fury of the late Earl of Beaconsfield. The question is, whether the establishment of extravagant colleges for educating a small number of natives into nondescript atheist malcontents is a just compensation for the loss of national personal estate in the shape of valuables forcibly removed, or of the national land revenues paid away in salaries and war expenses, or of the national commerce crippled for the advantage of Birmingham and Manchester voters. It is almost a truism to say that a nation's prosperity is measured by a nation's wealth. It is not likely that any sane person believes Austria to be the most prosperous nation in Europe, or that the German Empire is more prosperous than the French Republic. No insolvent country is prosperous, and no government that has steadily carried a country from solvency to bankruptcy has governed that country well. India was once the very byword for wealth—India is now bankrupt, and, but for England's extremely thoughtful and kind pecuniary assistance, would have to repudiate her debts. Seeing that this state of things has been going on ever since England took hold of India, from bad to worse, India growing poorer and England richer day by day, there is no possible conclusion save that it must be England's fault.

Englishmen defend themselves against this accusation by two great arguments. They say that if they were not masters of India, Russia would be; and they proceed to show that India's money has been spent for India's good. But the greater argument is the second, and it is indeed a masterpiece of righteous logic. It consists in altogether ignoring India's financial situation, India's complaints and India's losses, in order to produce beautiful ideal pictures of a God-fearing paternal rule, of which the main feature is the chastisement of the beloved subject, so far as actual experience goes. Whom England loveth for his money's sake, she chastiseth vigorously for the sake of getting it. Lest I be accused of a blind use of invective, I will tell a couple of stories which I know to be true, reserving the names of persons and places, which I am, however, able to produce.

Some years ago I found myself on board a steamer returning from India, in company with a number of Anglo-Indians. Among them was an English officer of cavalry who had been in charge of the police in a northern border station. His field of authority was extensive and his personal power considerable. He had with him on board some valuable specimens of native weapons, very curious in workmanship and rich in ornament, which he kept in his state-room and showed to the passengers. One day he informed me that he had with him numerous boxes of similar articles, forming a collection of which he was proud. I remarked that he must have spent a considerable sum in buying such things, as they were evidently of great value. "Not a bit of it," replied the officer with a merry laugh, "I had a better plan than that. When I saw a man in the street with anything I fancied, I sent my man and ordered it to be confiscated. All confiscated articles we sold at auction at the public pound. Of course no one dared to bid against my servant for what I wanted, for fear of getting a licking. I managed to get lots of things in that way for a mere trifle." He laughed again, well satisfied with his device. The case was, and is, too common to be extraordinary, and I apprehend that a very common and ordinary English word fully defines the proceeding.

I have an incident of another description which goes to show how officials in the permanent service can throw dust in the eyes of a superior unacquainted with the peculiarities of the Anglo-Indian view of government. An officer of a frontier station once told me very circumstantially the following story. He was posted with a nondescript force of native mounted soldiers, called "police" for lack of a better term, to oppose the raids of a certain tribe who were in the habit of stealing horses and cattle from across the border. A new Viceroy had lately arrived, whose total ignorance of Indian life made him an easy prey. To gain his favor was an advantage worth some trouble. The Viceroy was making an official tour and was expected on a certain day in the station where the aforesaid officer was posted. With a view to preserving the peace, order and stainless justice to which the attention of the public is daily called by certain English papers, the honest and kindhearted Saxon invented an ingenious scheme. Having ascertained the exact date of the Viceroy's arrival in his station, he rode alone across the border and interviewed the chief of the hostile tribe, with whom he appears to have been on speaking terms. He had a bag of rupees at his saddle-bow. The result of the interview was that he left the rupees behind him and rode back a light-hearted soldier. In the afternoon the Viceroy arrived with a small staff of officers and servants, was entertained at dinner, and went to bed. At midnight there was a sudden stir in the camp, and the news soon reached the Viceroy that a party of borderers had ridden quietly over the frontier and had successfully driven away a large number of cattle and horses under cover of the darkness. The Viceroy was in great excitement. Then the officer in charge appeared with a calm countenance. "Your lordship need have no anxiety," he said. "I pledge you my honor as a soldier that every head of cattle and every horse shall be in camp again by to-morrow afternoon. I am quite sure of it." And, indeed, he was very sure. Before dawn he was away with a party of horse and another bag of rupees—the second half of the price agreed upon for the transaction; by the afternoon he had returned, as he had promised, with every head of cattle and every horse that had been stolen. It is hardly necessary to add that the Viceroy was immensely impressed by the promptness and decision displayed in this business, and that the officer reaped a golden harvest from his silver sowing of rupees. He is at present in the same kind of duty, having risen to a more important position. He told the story himself in the presence of several persons, of whom I was one, without betraying the least sense of shame.

Instances such as these, need no comment. They are taken hap-hazard from a large number that came to my knowledge, and illustrate well enough the tone that prevails where officers are left to themselves. The English are accustomed to say that it is surprising how successful their Government has been in India, considering the vast districts and multifarious duties of which the government and charge are frequently laid upon one man's shoulders. No one will dispute the statement. It is indeed highly surprising, and it is a disgrace to a civilized government to have attempted it. The thing would have been impossible with a more manly race than the Hindoos. They reap their own reward, for they have permanently impoverished the country and it is not long since a member of the House of Commons coolly proposed that since India had ceased to be profitable she should be left to her fate. Commercial balance sheets, however, show that England still makes enough by selling Birmingham cottons in Bengal, and Bengal opium in China, to allow of her lending India small sums of money, whereby India may pay the debts incurred in prosecuting England's puerile policy in Afghanistan.

These two questions—the cotton and the opium trade—are sufficiently important to merit a brief notice. India formerly manufactured an enormous supply of cotton goods, whereby she served her own market and a considerable trade abroad. English manufacturers were protected in England by a tariff on Indian goods. Similarly India was protected by a tariff on English goods, so that neither could be undersold in its own market by the other. In 1880, when a general election in England was imminent, Lord Beaconsfield's last act was to repeal the duties, or the main portion of the duties, on English cotton manufactures imported into India. The object of this measure was to secure the votes of the Birmingham and Manchester voters for the coming election. The duty on Indan goods coming to England was not, however, altered. The effect of the law was to enable England to undersell India in the Indian market with cheap and heavily sized goods. At a time when the Indian cotton trade was still suffering severely from the depression consequent on the re-establishment of order in the United States, a measure of this kind was extremely cruel. The English press, at the time, stated that the loss to India was very small, amounting, if I remember rightly, to only about thirty thousand pounds sterling per annum of the tariff revenue. They calmly ignored the change wrought in the Indian market by England's new power of underselling. The law is still in force, and Indian manufacturers have suffered enormously.

The opium question is of greater importance. Opium is grown in India as a Government monopoly, and any attempt on the part of native growers to sell at their own prices is severely punished. The Government collects and weighs every year the total production and transports it to Calcutta, where the opium is sold to exporting houses. By this business the Government makes about eleven million sterling per annum, or about a quarter of its total nominal revenue. What the English exporting merchants subsequently make by it is not known, but the profits of the trade are enormous. Concerning the iniquity of the opium trade, I need say nothing, for the question has long been before the world. The working of it results, practically, in largely increasing the amount of money annually sent out of the country. Men who make money in India notoriously spend it in England—those who do not, squander it recklessly in a kind of barbaric extravagance which does no one any good. The merchants are for the most part only the agents of London houses, just as on a larger scale the Viceroy, or Governor-General, was formerly the agent of the East India Company, and now represents the chief of the scribes under the Imperial trading house.

In summing up the points to which I have here briefly referred, the difficulty consists in appreciating the magnitude of each individual question, and it must not be forgotten that India has other and great grievances, such as the depreciation of the silver currency, the exorbitance of the taxes to which landed property is subjected, the restrictions laid upon all natives who enter the Civil Service, and the entire absence of representation.

England points with pride to the system of roads and railways which has been created in the country, arguing that increased facility of communication must of necessity improve the conditions of commerce, forgetting that facilities of that kind help her in underselling the Indian market and in the transportation of opium, very much to the detriment of India's welfare, and that these boasted railways failed entirely to render appreciable assistance in the last great famine emergency. The principal use of these railways hitherto has been to carry men and money to the northern frontier, whence they could be conveniently "thrown away among the barren rocks of Afghanistan"—to use the words of a very sensible English writer.

Reviewing the history of the last fifty years, it is beyond the power of any upright human conscience to believe that England has done her duty by her Eastern subjects. There have been good men there sometimes, and they have done what they could. Lord Lawrence was a good man, and Lord Ripon has shown that he has a sense of the right and can brave some opposition in obeying his conscience. But it seems as though the body of the great Civil Service machine were too effete and sluggish and selfish to think of anything but the barest performance of duty compatible with the greatest personal advantage. A few strong and honest men may sweat blood in the enormous effort of government—but what are they among so many petty little money-grasping Englishmen? What availed it that Lord Lawrence should do his best, if Lord Lytton was to follow him in a few years as the exponent of pseudo poetic and most ultra-sensational imperialism? Why should the Marquis of Ripon incur all manner of hatred and hostility in the effort to do right, if he is to be succeeded by Mr. Oscar Wilde—or by any other eccentric genius of the Beaconsfield school? Above all, where is the use of Mr. Edwin Arnold's scholarly eloquence in the columns of *The Daily Telegraph*, if his "peace" is only another name for an Afghan war, if his "order" turns out to be only the piteous silence of a downtrodden and bankrupt people, and if his "justice" means impunity for the white Anglo-Saxon—torture, packed juries, the prison lash and execution, with the superadded religious terrors of eternal damnation for the black man?

All these questions can be fairly asked, and many more like them. As for the answers to them, they will not be found in the English press, but they will be very certainly found by any honest man who will stay six months in British India, and who is willing to trust the evidence of his senses. There is nothing easier than for a despotic government to defend despotism, and to speak of it in strains of poetic admiration or in a spirit of ecstatic virtue. There is nothing in all the world harder than for one man, or a handful of men, to make people look at a wrong of which they have never heard or dreamed.

F. MARION CRAWFORD.

April 11, 1883.

MONEY AND CHICKENS.

From the Army and Navy Journal.

Governor Eli Murray of Utah tells this excellent story: I never shall forget the amount of money it cost us to keep an old woman from crying herself to death. Of course we were obliged to subsist off the country as we went along, and we naturally took about the best in sight. One day we took possession of a chicken ranch kept by an old lady, who stood at the gate with a broom and threatened to lick all of Sherman's forces if they did not move on. Now chickens were considered officers' meat, and as we were infernally hungry we went for those hens pretty lively. When she saw that her favorite fowls were being caught and killed she keeled right over and began to cry. Presently she began to scream, and finally you could hear that woman's voice clear at Atlanta. I sent the surgeons in to quiet her, but they failed, and then the officers took turns, but the more attention paid her the more she howled. I then got pretty nervous over the infernal noise, because the whole army would hear it, and they might suppose somebody was torturing the woman. Finally Sherman rode up and asked what it was all about. When we told him he said: "Give her a bushel of Confederate bonds for her hens, and see if that won't stop her." Acting on this hint, I proceeded to business. We had captured a Confederate train the day before with $4,000,000 of Confederate money, and I hunted up the train at once. The money was worth about 2 cents on the dollar. Well, I stuffed about half a million dollars into an old carpet-sack, and marched into the house.

"Madam," said I, opening the sack, "I'll give you $500,000 to quit this noise." It was as still as death in a minute, and then her face expanded in a broad smile. I laid the package of notes on the table, and I never saw so delighted a woman.

WHAT IS THE USE OF SNAKES?

From "Snakes," by C. C. Hopley.

Persons who dislike snakes continually ask, "What is the use of them?" That they are not without a use will, I hope, appear in the course of this work, were it necessary to preach that all things have their use. But in one habit that offended Lord Bacon, namely, of "going on their belly," lies one of their greatest uses, because that, together with their internal formation and external covering, enables them to penetrate where no larger carnivorous animal could venture, into dark and noisome morasses, bog-jungles, swamps amid the tangled vegetation of the tropics, where swarms of the lesser reptiles, on which so many of them feed, would otherwise out-balance the harmony of nature, die, and produce pestilence.

Wondrously and exquisitely constructed for their habitat, they are able to exist where the higher animals could not; and while they help to clear the inaccessible places of the lesser vermin, they themselves supply food for a number of the smaller mammalia, which, with many carnivorous birds, devour vast numbers of young snakes. The hedgehog, weasel, ichneumon, rat, peccary, badger, hog, goat, and an immense number of birds keep snakes within due limits, while the latter perform their part among the grain-devouring and herbivorous lesser creatures. Thus beautifully is the balance of Nature maintained.

CREME DE LA CREME.—Mrs. Jones—"Ah! and good morning to you, Mrs. Smith. Did you like the cream I sent you?" Mrs. Smith—"Oh, very much, thank you." Mrs. Jones—"Yes; and if you could let me have the pot I sent it in you'd oblige me, 'cos, you see, it's my old man's shaving mug, and he don't like no other."—*Fun.*

TOPICS IN PARIS.

JOHN BROWN—THE MONASTERIO SCANDAL.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]
PARIS, March 30.

The French papers, which are sometimes very credulous, have a good deal to say about the late John Brown, the Queen's personal attendant. In the Queen's different sojourns at the British Embassy the stalwart person of John Brown had become familiar to Paris sightseers. His air of familiarity rather shocked French taste. While sitting on the rumble he often leaned forward to enter into conversation with his Royal mistress. No other person at Court would have dared to address her without being first spoken to. She appeared to enjoy hearing him speak. John Brown was shrewd and observant, and called the attention of the Queen to many objects worth noticing which she might have passed unseen were he not authorized to point them out. Modesty was not one of his virtues. But the favor which he enjoyed did not turn his head nor make him proud. He was very obliging and was always glad to serve a countryman. Tradesmen who were in his good graces received large orders from the Sovereign. He was very kind in recommending to her bounty poor and meritorious persons. A Scotch lady who is a member of the Royal Household assures me that it was chiefly to prevent John Brown languishing from homesickness that the Court was transported to the Aberdeenshire Highlands in the month of May as well as at the close of August. In the Prince Consort's time it only went in the autumn to Scotland.

The *Voltaire* publishes a characteristic Parisian monograph on the deceased personal attendant. It was written, I am told, by a French diplomat, who had good opportunities for studying the inner circle of Royalty. According to this very reckless Gaul, the ascendancy which the former gillie obtained over the Queen's mind was absolute. But he made a discreet use of it, and rather evaded giving advice on political questions when urged to do so. The Sovereign, he writes, regarded him as a medium through which the Prince Consort had most pleasure in communicating with her. This idea was entertained by her so long ago as when Lord Palmerston was her Prime Minister. She used to quit the councils held at Windsor to interrogate through John Brown, her lamented husband. This was found very troublesome when the Schleswig-Holstein war was going on. The Highlander had no idea as to what the quarrel was about, and could not understand either the Danish or the German side of the question that was at issue. "Pam" on one occasion lost his temper and said before the Queen: "I could never understand what the Prince meant when he was alive, and it is too hard now that he is dead to have to tack according to the views which he is supposed to take, in another world, of European politics."

The Royal family of the Belgians were so unfortunate as to offend the Queen by not paying, when she last visited them, sufficient attention to John Brown. He was sent to dine in the lower servants' hall. His Royal mistress said that he presided habitually at the table in the steward's room at Windsor. None but heads of departments in the household sat down to dinner there. It was at the table which corresponded to it that Mrs. Schwellenberg, the irascible German crone who rendered Fanny Burney so unhappy, presided over in Queen Charlotte's time. But as Henriette Marie has Austrian prejudices, she did not take the hint which was let fall by her Royal guest. The Queen therefore has never since in her many journeys to Coburg and Baden-Baden set foot in Belgium. She has invariably taken the inconvenient Cherbourg route, which exposes her to a sea journey of from eight to ten hours. This involves, in rough weather, the trying ordeal of sea-sickness, to which Her Majesty is subject. The first time she travelled via Cherbourg and Versailles and Paris was in 1872. M. Thiers was President. He wanted very much to wait upon her at the Versailles Rive Gauche Station at 4 in the morning—the hour when her train was due there. But she refused to accept the proposed attention. The Duc de Broglie, it afterward turned out, was uncivil to John Brown, and the Queen would not enter into personal relations with his chief. MacMahon's representative at the Court of St. James, the Marquis d'Harcourt, found means to assure Mr. Brown of his sympathetic consideration. Her Majesty was so gratified that she halted at the Villette Station of the Ceinture Railway to enable the Marshal to call on her. She received him in her saloon-car. The Highlander stood behind her chair during the interview, which lasted ten minutes.

The Monasterio case surpasses anything imagined by Zola in writing his most unsavory novels. Such a collection of sharpers and uninteresting and indeed foul dupes was never seen before.

Madame Monasterio, who sits on the prisoner's bench in the Sixth, or Correctional Chamber, is a lady of Spanish ancestry, born in Chili. She is distantly related to M. de Lesseps, and is really very like him, notwithstanding the bloating and degrading effects of habitual intoxication. Her husband was a man of very large fortune. He left his widow in opulent circumstances, and a splendid heritage to his daughter and hers. The heiress was naturally weak-minded and has since become almost idiotic. She is now forty years old. Her mother was *galante*, and gave birth in the third year of her widowhood to a son, who goes by the name of Carlos Laitt. This individual is a good-for-nothing spendthrift. He is his mother's idol. To insure him a fortune she went deeply into Bourse and other speculations and completely ruined herself. When all her substance was wasted she fell back on the income of her daughter, and when that was insufficient attempted to make her out a lunatic and so obtain the control of her fortune. As a preliminary step she locked her up in the Charenton Madhouse, but took her out again when she found that were the girl proved mad she would be handed over to the guardianship of her father's relatives. The mother was surrounded by swindlers and sharks. They seemed to have an elective affinity for her. She lived in the most sordid manner in the Avenue Frochot, getting drunk every evening and feeding herself and her daughter on the vilest offal of the green grocers' and the butchers' shops.

Mlle. Monasterio rejoices in the pretty name of Fidelia. It appears that she is addicted to numerous vices. A German waiting-maid, either to obtain the stewardship of her large income, or to hand her over for a sum of money to her father's relations in Chili, coaxed her away from the maternal domicile to a lodging of her own. There she pandered to her vile lusts. The German took Mlle. Monasterio to orgies in the Quartier Breda, and initiated her into all the mysteries of that ultra-fast section of the town. She thus afforded the mother and Carlos a pretext for seizing upon the heiress and taking her by force to a private lunatic asylum.

The mad doctors of whom certificates were asked appeared in court. Some of them were as disreputable sharpers as any of the speculators who plundered Madame Monasterio. It was these shady practitioners who certified to lunacy. But I should add that one of the most eminent specialists in France, Dr. Legrand du Saulle, has testified that Mlle. Monasterio admitted to him her vices in a matter-of-course way, and was, if not a lunatic, an idiot. As the German woman notified the Chilian relatives of the young lady how she had been incarcerated, steps were taken by them to withdraw her from the madhouse and transport her to South America. But her mother and Carlos, getting wind of the plan, transferred her to England. She is now living at Stone, in Kent, and lodges with the family of a Mr. Hughes. What renders this trial so interesting is that it lays bare the workings of the lunacy law of 1838. No rich and eccentric Frenchman or woman can be sure of remaining free while this law is unrepealed.

SETTING HENS.—This is the season when hens run mad, and will not be comforted unless they can hide away somewhere and sit day and night on a wooden nest-egg or an old door-knob. Several men were discussing this question in a grocery store one evening recently. A man who owns a large flock of Dorkings remarked: "Not even an act of Congress can break up a settin' hen." "Ever tried jammin' 'em under a barrel an' pourin' water on 'em?" demanded the man on the sugar barrel. "Yes," said the Dorking man, "I've poured water on 'm till they grew web-footed, like a blamed duck, and afterwards found 'em in an old coal hod settin' away on lumps o' coal." "Tie a red rag round one wing," said a man who was eating cheese and crackers. "That 'll fix 'em." "Might 's well offer 'em a chromo." said the Dorking man. "I tied a whole red woollen shirt on one last spring, an' dog my cats if she didn't make a nest of it an' set three weeks on the buttons!" Then the grocer said it was time to close up, and each man girded up his loins and slowly filed out.—[Detroit Free Press.